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NUMBER 8

Eric Gill: The Money Changers		Cover
Courtesy of The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston		
Kwan Yin, Wood, Chinese		Frontispiece
The Americana School		409
Under Which King	By Allen Tucker	411
Another Year of Progress	By F. A. Gutheim	414
Prints at Chicago	By Frederick Jochem	423
Art and Industry	By Philip N. Youtz	430
William Morris, 1834-1896	By Charles Harris Whitaker	436
Milles' Orpheus Fountain	By Florence Davies	439
Field Notes		442
New Books on Art		444

Previous issues listed in "Art Index" and "The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature"

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F. A. GUTHEIM, one of our Advisory Editors, has appeared frequently in this magazine, his most recent article being "The Quality of Public Works" in the April number.

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FLORENCE DAVIES is art critic of the *Detroit News*. Her article on the sculpture of Milles reveals her sensitive critical ability.



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KWAN YIN, WOOD, CHINESE, THIRTEENTH-FOURTEENTH CENTURY
WILLIAM ROCKHILL NELSON GALLERY OF ART, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

[See Field Note on page 443]

*The American
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August 1934

THE AMERICANA SCHOOL

IN the years that have passed since the Armory Show in 1913, America has been pretty steadily dazzled by the fascinating tricks of the School of Paris. Despite the wailing of academicians, the virus spread gradually over the length and breadth of the country until from Fifty-seventh Street to California there was only one smart way to paint, and each fresh Parisian experiment was rehashed a thousand times with Yankee or Western variations. A few lone voices cried in the wilderness, and a few painters persisted in looking at life without French spectacles, but the rank and file fell neatly into line as the rank and file usually manages to do.

The reaction, when it came, got under way with considerable speed. Apparently the depression that relieved us of our commercial and financial cockiness relieved us also of our spiritual dependence. Instead of occupying the pleasant position of kingpin of the world, we were forced back on ourselves to find what satisfaction we could in being a country and a people. In art, this new self-reliance began to produce dozens of young painters who found significance in their own surroundings and who felt a sense of relationship to their own communities. This Americanizing of the American artist has received a tremendous impetus from the Public Works of Art Project—an impetus which achieved in a few months what would probably have taken years to accomplish in the normal course of events, simply because the Project's American-scene emphasis came at a time when American artists were ready for it. It is all very healthful and very encouraging.

But just as soon as a battle has been won and another standard has been run up on the flagpole, there is a great deal of nervous shifting of allegiance. The camp-followers of art have caught on. Timid collectors who never thought of buying an American picture are busily learning names; critics and even museum directors are talking about "regionalism" instead of "periods." It may be that one should not deplore the results, in spite of the lack of heroism in the motives. American artists have waited a long time to profit, even from the patronage of those who see with their ears.

However, there is only one kind of patronage that is of any value whatsoever in the long run, and that is patronage based on understanding and personal conviction rather than on the desire to be fashionable. Fashions in art, with the shallow, frivolous, pseudo-emotions back of them, are invariably destructive, and the present Americana racket is already becoming absurd. A New York critic, praising the "understatement" of Grant Wood, assuredly failed to equal Mr. Wood's virtue in his own criticism when he announced that to parallel his monumental simplicity "we might have to go back to Giotto." Comparisons like this do no service either to Mr. Wood, or to American art,

or to the reputation of the critic who produces them; they merely indicate that "paint American" is becoming a powerful slogan.

Another example of uncritical enthusiasm is Thomas Craven, whose defense of the Middle-Western scene is so ardent that one suspects him of far more interest in the scene than in the quality of the painting—in other words, that he considers any canvas which depicts hogs or wheat fields to be, *per se*, an important work of art. It doesn't happen to be that easy. Although American artists undoubtedly will paint more sincerely if they paint things with which they are familiar, for people with whom they are familiar, instead of trying to grow French ideas on inhospitable American soil, nevertheless subject matter is likely to remain what it has always been—a means rather than an end.

The trouble with any fashion is that it is always the label of the bottle which is easily recognizable, rather than what is inside. The label may be clearly printed so that everyone may read, but it will have little value if by chance the bottle be empty—or even filled with something else. In case of doubt it is wise to analyze the contents.

If one is seeking integrity, there is very little choice between an art that apes that of another country and one that is self-consciously nationalistic. In either case the emphasis is placed on something that doesn't matter in the least, and it is a misleading and falsifying emphasis. American art has no need of self-conscious nationalism; if we create an art worth talking about it will not be because we possess factories and prairies and elevators and the rest of the Americana, but because we are so fortunate as to possess artists. We do possess them, and they are American—not because they have decided to be so but because they can't possibly help it. They need no apologies and no crutches. They need a few people who are able to tell the fake from the real, who take the trouble to look beneath the surface, and who do not allow any irrelevant considerations to obscure their belief that a painting is a work of art.



INLAY HEAD OF
'SMENKHARA
(OR AKHENATEN), RED
QUARTZITE

RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY
THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM

UNDER WHICH KING?

By ALLEN TUCKER

IT may be considered that with Massaccio began the fashion of seeing the world in terms of dark and light, seeing objects partly in light and partly in shade, which fashion has obtained in Western Europe ever since his time. This fashion is still the prevalent mode, the mode that is taught in the schools, and is the basis of most of our criticism and appreciation of painting.

Nevertheless this fashion is not the only fashion in which man has regarded the world in which he lives. There was in Europe the Gothic, the illustrations for the Books of Hours, and the work of the so-called Primitives: an entirely different way of looking at the world. There was the Byzantine way of seeing and representing the visible world, work done in mosaic on walls instead of fresco or oil paint. There was the Chinese way of conveying the reaction of the artist to the impact of his environment.

Until recently these different methods were little understood and, if considered at all, were generally looked upon as inferior to our own visual attitude. But so much has been known for so long a time that it seems strange how little influence has been exerted by these differing points of view on contemporary work.

It is obvious that under our own fashion some of the greatest men who have ever lived have expressed their ideas of time and eternity, that, using this mode of seeing, great art has been produced for a long time all over Western Europe. However, this fashion of ours has another side and a dangerous side, for it is a mode that can lead to copying of the superficial appearance of the outside of things, and that leads people to think that such a representation of ordinary appearance is art.

Each of the other fashions produced work of the highest possible quality, by men of genius. Each of them had, like all fashions, limitations; but they did not easily lend themselves to commonplace representation. The art at times was weak or thin, but it was after all art of some kind; it may have at times become an empty formalism, but it never fell to

empty representationalism. The idea that representation was art appears off and on all through history. We have the story of Zeuxis and his dreadful grapes, that fooled the poor birds, and the modern version of the Yankee painter who painted an open window so naturally that his wife caught cold sitting near the picture.

And on the other side there is the verse:

There was an old man of Hong Kong
Who wrote just the words of a song,
But it wasn't the words
That tickled the birds
But the deadly "double entong."

Which shows that the birds of China were not satisfied as were the birds of Greece with the merely superficial. We have been brought up to think that art must imitate nature, must look as much as possible like the world that the average man can see for himself, and that this method gives substance and form, as though form were something separated from the rest of the world. I think that form is more subtle than that, that it is something more delicate than making things seem to stick out from the surface of a picture, so that certain pictures look like relief maps of the Bernese Oberland.

All the time, however, there have been people, sometimes singly, sometimes in groups, who have rebelled against the prevalent fashion, from Botticelli to the cubists. They were men who would see things for themselves and who were not a part of the general movement. Clouet, for instance, and those of his time in England and Germany, put the sitter in a direct flat light that lit everything evenly and reduced the shades to a minimum and so they worked toward color pattern and away from the dark and light pattern that was the usual interest.

The strongest reaction against this dark and light formula has been during the last fifty or sixty years. Beginning with—whoever I say will arouse violent objection in the reader, so let him arouse—Monet, with his rejection of black and his insistence on a colored world,

to Matisse and the cubists, with their rejection of the appearance of nature altogether, and many other men and movements in entirely separate trends, all have been directed against the mere imitation of nature as an end.

Another thing that is bad in the usual fashion is that it tends to produce black pictures, pictures that rest their design on the black and white pattern, pictures out of which peer half heads or pieces of arms or legs endeavoring to extricate themselves from the engulfing darkness. The fashion continued in Italy until it was lost in the pitch black night of Ribera and the Carracci.

Imitation of nature can be accomplished with care and application; art cannot be made on purpose no matter what application is used. Poetry, even more than poets, is "born and not made." The great things are not discovered by intellect and laborious knowledge but are come upon suddenly through humility and an understanding heart. Nature is the servant of man to be used for his purposes. All art, all life, come out of nature; but art and life nevertheless must dominate nature and not be servilely ruled by her.

In our own immediate past there are two groups of great men, quite separate from each other, that illustrate the divergence of the two points of view. One lot are called "realists"; I prefer to call them naturalists or actualists, for I think reality is something more profound, more what the mystics mean by the word than what its meaning has been reduced to by using it for naturalism. The others are not nearly as much like each other in their aims and are hard to group unless one might use the word "imaginationists," and it is a horrid word at that. The first group differ from each other in capacity, but their attitude toward their work is very similar. The second differ from each other in nearly every way except in their resistance to the general convention, and their desire to get at the significance of things rather than to deal only with the appearance of things. The first group are Homer, Eakins, Bellows, Sargent; the second group are Twachtman, Whistler, Prendergast, Ryder.

The first group has a wider following, excites admiration not only from more of the general public but also, I think, at this time

from many painters as well. It is easy to understand the admiration of the general public, for the first group certainly confine themselves to painting the appearance of things as that appearance is felt by the general public. But why painters should be so impressed by the average point of view is hard to understand, unless there is, as I sometimes feel, a wave at the present time toward actuality, that many of the men called modern are really returning to the old black and white formula and seeing an eternal world composed of black and yellow ochre. Now don't jump to the conclusion that I think these first men of no account. They are on the contrary a very strong group, but I do think that their way of looking at the world is an inferior way to that of the men in the second group and, in spite of their grasp of actuality, that the men of the second group get more of the essential things than they do.

Homer paints marine subjects with mastery and often with dramatic force; his rocks are firm and hard, so sometimes is his raging surf. We have all seen the sea like that and that seeing he certainly paints with strength. But look at a marine of Ryder's. Here is a sea we have never seen, but looking at the picture our feeling of the incredible mystery and wonder of the sea is deepened; we are in the presence of the essential thing, the sea itself, or to put it the other way we are in the thrall of a great poet showing us the wonder of the world or the wonder of his mind.

You remember that Napoleon, who was not unpractical, said "Imagination rules the world." Not only Ryder but all the group are distinguished by a more complete unity in their pictures than are the others. The thing is conceived whole and that wholeness is never lost, is never cut to pieces, the large is never sacrificed to the small. It is the large things that are chosen and the small things that are ignored. Selection is the basis of art.

It is strange that Eakins was for so long overlooked, for it is only lately that he has come into his own, and that own is now very high, but he is entirely inside the convention of dark and light actuality. In a picture like the "Miss Van Buren" in the Phillips Gallery* he goes to a great place. To me it is the finest

* Illustrated page 503, November, 1933, issue.

Eakins I have ever seen, but in so many pictures of people, indoors and out, he seems to take an obvious view, well expressed, solid, capable, but just about the view of the average man. His people are commonplace, often disagreeable, never distinguished; he sees all the obvious facts and puts them down carefully without bias one way or the other. His knowledge of anatomy, of the physical man, and his statements of that knowledge, are deep and able, but I do not feel that his comment on the facts is of much importance; he is poor not only in ideas but in ideals. His emotional blood pressure is low.

The naturalistic group had in general more ability to paint the outward appearance of things, but so often the things themselves eluded them, and the other men painted worlds that the naturalists did not know existed. The world of the naturalists is apt to be a static world, a world that does not move, indeed sometimes a world that cannot move—and don't forget that the essence of life is movement. The other men knew and painted far more of men, women, their thoughts, emotions, hopes, and fears; far more of the wonder and mystery of the world and of life, expressed in a unified design. It is a paradox that actual representation, while looking just like the table it represents, is not in the least like one, has no table quality and is as dull as that strange chant that I learnt in my first school, the Latin first declension "*mensa, mensae, mensae, etc.*" We can get the end of naturalistic effort in the wax figure that is so like nature that often it fools us for the first moment and then we see it for the most unreal and disgusting object ever made by human hand. Main Street, just Main Street, curiously enough is not Main Street at all.

Whistler saw men and women, the moving world of twilight and dark, for himself, with comprehension and a high distinction. He made a world of refinement; he knew that rough stuff was not necessarily strong. He knew that art was a matter of design, that art did not come from a copying but was a conception of the spirit. Whistler as well as Ryder painted many dark pictures, but they were not pictures based on a light and shade design.

Twachtman painted landscape as few have ever done, with a subtlety in the difference of

his values that few know, painted a landscape so that one felt suddenly that one had never seen a landscape before. Prendergast is unappreciated at his high value. He was a great decorator, and what a pity it is that he never had walls to cover. He is one of the very few workers in real color of his generation anywhere, his pictures being conceived and made of color, and those dabs of open color giving a sense of form that grew stronger all the time.

Bellows, painting more loosely, more dashingly, has the same exterior viewpoint as the rest of his group. He is not so learned as Eakins and has not his positive close grip, but he attacks life with vividness and pleasure, and pictures like the one in the Boston Museum undoubtedly give him a very high rank. Sargent, also an externalist, was endowed with extraordinary manual dexterity, and it is certainly a pity that he did not go forward from his fine beginning in such pictures as "*Madame X*" in the Metropolitan Museum. Instead his facility ran away with him until he painted such a thing as "*Daughters of Lord Kandy of Sugar Hill*," the very large triple portrait of the Ladies Nougat, Fudge, and Caramel. Opinions change fast; it was only yesterday that Velasquez was the greatest man who had ever lived and Sargent his legitimate successor.

I suppose that what it comes down to is that if we look at one group from the standpoint of the other we see the lacks and not the virtues, and each group has something that the other lacks, but I think there is a great deal too much interest attached to naturalistic reproduction and too little given to creation. Wordsworth said, "*A primrose by a river's brim, a yellow primrose was to him, and it was nothing more,*" and the yellow primrose isn't good enough, and we have given too much praise to its cultivation. Anatomy, accuracy, getting things right, and as we know them to be, are after all means to making a work of art and can never be a work of art in themselves; for art of any kind is the expression of ideas, not a representation of a thing or person, but the expression of ideas about the world. One class of men see with their eyes and only with their eyes; the other class take what they see with their eyes and transmute it through their imaginations until it becomes a vision.



ATTRIBUTED TO THE MASTER OF THE LEGEND OF ST. URSULA: MADONNA
COLLECTION OF MRS. EDOUARD JONAS

ANOTHER YEAR OF PROGRESS

By F. A. GUTHEIM

CONTRASTED with its predecessor, the 1934 Century of Progress exhibition of paintings at the Chicago Art Institute is definitely of secondary importance. Divided into two halves, one presenting a chronological grouping of American painting from eighteenth-century portraits to the present day, the other a rather uneventful collection of European paintings, masters and moderns, the current show lacks last year's clarity of purpose and the paintings on the whole are less important. The reason for this is not difficult to find. American art, speaking historically, is definitely inferior to European art. And it cannot be treated in the definitive chronological fashion of European art until the necessary

critical preparation and classification have been completed.

Even granting these difficulties, a far better show might have been hung had the best of American painting been secured. This was apparently impossible, perhaps due to the short time available for assembling the show, or to the inexplicable reluctance of owners to loan paintings. Omissions are conspicuous. The treatment of the entire Hudson River School, particularly the grand panoramas of George Inness, is shamefully inadequate both as to the number of the first and the quality of the second. Ryder fares rather better with four paintings, only one of which was shown last year. Eakins' "Agnew Clinic" (but none of



ROGIER VAN DER WEYDEN: PIETÀ
COLLECTION OF HENRY SCHNIEWIND



PISSARRO: VIEW AT PONTOISE
COLLECTION OF WILLIAM CHURCH OSBORN

his other clinics), one boxing scene, and four other canvases give him the most complete representation of any nineteenth-century American painter in the show. It is not too much to say that the entire large Gallery 40 might well have been exclusively devoted to these three men, the greatest American painters of a great formative century. As it is they have a total of fourteen paintings. The critical examination of American painting of the last century has but begun, but one looks forward already to the day when the sheep and the goats will have been separated, and it will be possible to hang a show exclusively devoted to that period.

As one draws nearer the present the validity of selections becomes even more dubious and the importance of omissions more serious. The treatment of Whistler is weak, especially for the year of the Whistler centenary, but the suspicion of practical difficulties in securing the loan of good Whistlers makes it difficult to comment intelligently upon this phase of

the show. If the decision to include eighteen Whistlers was an attempt to reestablish Whistler's art in the public mind, or to commemorate his contribution to painting, it is a singular performance, for the Whistlers shown almost assume the marginal importance of souvenirs: they certainly give neither a balanced presentation, nor by themselves do they argue more than feebly in support of the outstanding position given to Whistler in the show, a position equivalent to that accorded Cézanne last year. Nearer still one senses more keenly than ever the need for a rigid critical appraisal (one cannot say reappraisal) of the position occupied by many recent American artists. In a room devoted to Bellows, Glackens, and Luks, one realizes that Bellows is a lingering, over-puffed reputation; surely he does not deserve twelve paintings as against the eight representing Glackens and Luks.

More spade-work is necessary before we can group American painters significantly with regard for their appropriate characteristics. In



GUSTAVE COURBET: THE POLISH EXILE (MME. DE BRAYER)
THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART



WILLIAM GLACKENS: NUDE WITH APPLE

the effort to treat American art this year as European art was treated last year the Institute has attempted what is still impossible: a meaningful chronological arrangement and a logical stylistic grouping of American art.

These are critical remarks on the exhibition rather than the paintings there; but to leave off without some mention of a few of the genuinely fine spots in the show would be unfair. Twenty-five splendid water colors by Homer—almost enough to make a respectable show by themselves—offer a complete statement of this phase of Homer's art. The ten rooms of contemporary American painting hold continual surprises: Georgia O'Keeffe's church at Taos; Dove's colorful "Red Barge, Reflections"; a fine, solidly painted portrait by Harold Weston; and a dozen or so well-selected paintings of Alexander Brook, John Curry, Edward Hopper, Leon Kroll, Eugene Speicher, and Maurice Sterne. While there are obvious blanks—Adrian Dornbush, for example, is represented only by a water color and not by an oil—and it would not be difficult to criticize some selections, the con-

temporary paintings on the whole are adequately representative.

The European half of the exhibition is naturally an anti-climax after last year's show, but there are many new paintings including several from the Hermitage and the Museum of Modern Western Art. A couple of landscapes by Pissarro and Segonzac; two fine Courbets, a still life of slick juicy apples and pears, and a portrait of the enigmatical Madame de Brayer that might have been done by Pontormo or Bronzino; a Chardin bubble-blower; a saucy portrait of Miss Anne Ford by Gainsborough; and a Flemish "Madonna and Child with Four Saints," that might almost be a Van Eyck, seemed to me especially noteworthy.

Against the superb framework of their permanent collection the Chicago Art Institute has organized another impressive exhibition. If it was impossible to repeat last year's success the current show is still easily the most important of the year. The American half of the show remains a bold and significant experiment; the European half continues, diminished only in size, last year's triumph.



WINSLOW HOMER: NEGRO UNDER COCO PALM
THE FOGG ART MUSEUM



THOMAS EAKINS: THE AGNEW CLINIC, UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA
THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA



ALBERT P. RYDER: FOREST OF ARDEN
COLLECTION OF THE MISSES DODSWORTH



ARTHUR G. DOVE: RED BARGE—REFLECTIONS
PHILLIPS MEMORIAL GALLERY, WASHINGTON



GEORGIA O'KEEFFE: RANCHOS CHURCH
PHILLIPS MEMORIAL GALLERY, WASHINGTON



HAROLD WESTON: AMBER NECKLACE

PRINTS AT CHICAGO

By FREDERICK JOCHEM

THE International Exhibition of Contemporary Prints at the Chicago Art Institute reveals many trends current in American graphic arts, yet fails to give a historically balanced view of the contemporary scene because the most radical and interesting trend of all—the propagandistic—is not represented.

"International" it is only in a superficial sense, for important centers of production like Mexico, Austria, and Russia are represented by only one or two prints each—Russia by one landscape! Nor can the output of Spain, Italy, Poland, or the Scandinavian countries be fairly judged on the basis of the material presented. Of the four hundred and twelve items, two hundred and twenty-three are included under the caption "American" and sixty-four are British, while Germany and France, with their enormous annual production, are represented by about thirty each. Among a handful of Japanese woodcuts, Onchi Koshiro far outshines his countrymen by effectively retaining the patternizing powers of his ancestors.

Several of the European "big names" have palmed off prints of a type for which they have long been famous. Included among these are Matisse and Picasso, Karl Hofer and Käthe Kollwitz. The Frenchman's clever "Reclining Nude" is a lithograph of the type which papered the corridors of the Bernheim-Jeune galleries in 1931. Picasso's etching "Two Nudes," too, if it was not done five years ago might well have been. One knows so well that these prints, like those of Klee, Kollwitz, Hofer and others, represent the artist as they were some years ago, that one begins to doubt whether they can represent them as they are today.

With the great bulk of the British artists represented, steadfastly engaging in difficult technical exercises and pretty pastorals, the question of chronology is almost irrelevant. Clare Leighton upholds her old standard in two bucolic wood-engravings; Gertrude Hermes includes an amazing number of technical effects on one sheet; dogs, horses, cities, and valleys are represented. Eric Gill's exquisite line and

composition are unfortunately represented by illuminations in wood-engraving for initial words, which lose most of their significance removed from their context; the total quality of his "Gethsemane" exhibited last year is not approached.

The lithograph "Nonza, Corsica" by M. C. Escher of Holland, which was awarded a third prize, uses the atmospherelessness of *surréalisme* or the *Neue Sachlichkeit* with enough of the individual flavor of artists and subject to make a striking composition.

Raoul Dufy's "La Pêche" with its varied and interlocking jazz-rhythms is outstanding among the prints representative of France. It is far more effective in a strongly reduced reproduction than in the original,* however—an interesting commentary on Dufy's habitual thinness and dissipation of compositional motives. His etchings, like Segonzac's, are typical of his familiar manner. Pierre Guastalla's "Kinny" is a fine, sensitive portrait. Less significant are Maillol's "Nude Arranging Hair," another familiar type; and Survage's woodcut "Playing Ball," which seems to prove the futility of abstractions in black and white.

The display of etchings and engravings as a whole is retrospective to the point of stagnation. These craftsmen present picturesque "views" of almost any landscape or interior—the technical proficiency is the thing—and this consuming obsession with technique is soon recognized as a substitute for genuine thoughts or emotions. Not only the manual techniques, but the paper and ink of Schongauer, Dürer, Rembrandt, Goya, Meryon, Haden, and Whistler are imitated; sometimes even their emotions are "borrowed." In short the atmosphere is historically authentic but spiritually stifling.

The conscious preoccupation with the problem of subject matter plainly visible in the American prints forcefully reminds us that subject matter and utilitarian ends have always been closely bound up with the history and achievements of the graphic arts. Even as late as Rembrandt, Goya, and Daumier, in whose hands etching, the aquatint and the lithograph

* See cover of June, 1934, issue.



PAUL R. MELTSNER: THE IRON HORSE

reached technical and esthetic climaxes, the subject represented—more, the lesson preached—formed the basis and backbone of their art. And today again, Rivera's well-managed publicity regarding his disputes over propaganda; the aims and activities of groups like the John Reed clubs, the Artists' Union, the Contemporary Print Group; the recent New York exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists; the radical manifestos of Siqueiros in the *New Masses*, and finally Thomas Craven's powerful polemic "challenge to the American artist," must sooner or later drive home, even to the unwilling, the important fact that the artist is consciously orientating himself anew with respect to the fundamental purposes of art—the purposes not the means.

The walls of the Chicago exhibition are literally packed with various American approaches to the problem of the relation, or lack of relation, of art to subject matter. Pure abstractions, pleasant "views," the "contemporary scene," "folk-lore," satires on human nature, and a dozen other *genres* are all there. The expectation that some of the many specifically propagandistic sheets and illustrations

of the day would be found among them was therefore not unjustified, either from the historical point of view or from that of the immediate surroundings. True, the "arty" influence of Whistler on the graphic arts, like that of Manet on painting, is still very strong. But the growing trend toward extra-esthetic content in art—the return from subjectivism—rests upon a stronger technical and rational basis in the woodcut and lithograph than in any other medium. The distinguishing factor is their usefulness (traditional before the tenets of impressionism denied it): the possibility of inexpensive "broadcasting" of ideas through pictures.

In the face of this distinct historical trend, there is nothing in the print exhibition to match even the comparatively individual and isolated satirical purpose of Grant Wood's "Daughters of Revolution" displayed on the floor above. In fact, no trends are represented which could not have been shown as effectively—and as really "contemporary" works—in 1925.

Even the more impartial historical representation of last year's Century of Progress print

show is not achieved. People of first importance like George Biddle, Adolf Dehn, George Grosz, Eugene Higgins, and José Clemente Orozco—all of whom were represented last year by prints which were definitely more on the propagandistic side than anything included this year—are omitted altogether. Last year, to be sure, when the Art Institute staff made the selection, the more pointed thrusts at the *status quo* were not hung on the walls (although listed in the catalogue) but were kept discreetly in portfolios. This year, when a jury composed of a trustee of the Institute, a newspaper critic, and three artists—Francis Chapin, Charles A. Wilimovsky, and John Taylor Arms—selected the prints, all propaganda is strictly excluded.

Robert Riggs' "Center Ring" (first-prize lithograph) is a picturesque play upon snatches of formal organization contrasted with the surrounding chaos of a night circus. Millard Sheets' "Family Flats" presents only the "interesting," romantic phases of tenement courts

—intelligible, if irrelevant, forms to fill out an abstract composition. Stefan Hirsch with his pleasant compositions and soft tones approaches his subject matter similarly. Francis Chapin, too, in his stockyards subjects, has absorbed certain sense-impressions of color and movement which he has filtered and refined to create a lithograph original and pleasing to the eye. The subjects are chosen and treated entirely from the esthetic point of view: the movement in "Horse Auction" might also serve for a Roman chariot race. The fact that the concept "stockyards" has a meaning in fields other than the visual is omitted or denied.

Basically there is nothing in the attitude underlying such treatments of the American scene which differs from that underlying impressionism, cubism, or the other kinds of subjective, autonomous art.

A more important place is granted subject matter in the works of another group of Americans represented in Chicago. Reginald Marsh's lithographs, esthetically among the most satis-



JOHN COPLEY:
A CHINESE FACE

fying items in the show, convey more than a visual stimulation. Titles, which everywhere are playing an increasingly important rôle, serve to broaden the application of what he has presented on the sheet: "The Bowery" as a whole; "The Poule" as a type, and perhaps as a social situation.

That "perhaps" is significant for the tenor of the exhibition. It bears witness to the fact that those few works which were accepted from artists who are interested in subject matter for itself and even in propaganda, are their borderline works which can be interpreted either as impressions or as arguments. Marsh's etching "Tattoo, Haircut, Shave" is the most penetrating social criticism exhibited, with its array of misshapen and degenerate human beings, but there can be no doubt that it was selected for its technique and composition.

Paul R. Meltsner's "Industrial Center" and "Iron Horse" lithographs stand out for their strong composition in line and space combined with a distinct feeling for the realities involved. William D. Frazer's soft-ground etching "Street of Women" points the problem of

the harlot more economically and directly than Marsh's "Poule."

In the communication of messages about Man, Society, or human attitudes the representation of the human face is an auxiliary problem. Ernest Fiene's lithograph "Third Avenue," with its stylized shop-fronts and beautified elevated railroad, shows his generalized interest in the scene by its completely meaningless faces. Peggy Bacon, especially in her etching "Morning Exercises," goes to the other extreme and particularizes each face in her orchestra with so much superficial detail that they become tiring. Thomas Benton's light and clever lithograph "Missouri Musicians" succeeds in presenting his figures as individuals by effective exaggeration of postures and adumbrated faces. Don Freeman's lithograph "Sardi's at Noon" renders admirably the sense of a particular and familiar place; the facial types, like the space, are exaggerated, yet not so much as to destroy the sense of reality and the emotion behind the physical facts. Diego Rivera's "Fruits of Labor" might better be called "Distributing the Sour Apples" from



THOMAS BENTON:
MISSOURI MUSICIANS



ROBERT RIGGS: CENTER RING
FIRST-PRIZE LITHOGRAPH

its completely irrelevant grimaces. Like it, his other lithograph "Sleep" is a repetition of a detail of his Mexico City murals of around 1927. In the murals, the composition and figures were given some meaning; in isolated sheets they turn into a species of decoration with no more meaning than Matisse's nudes.

II.

Although an artist's purposes must be discernible in his works if they are to be of any value, it is impossible to draw conclusions about the Americans because of the amount and kind of weeding out that was practiced. Perhaps the artists as well as the jurors felt that museum walls were not the place for the purposeful art of our day. Still, within the museum and outside, the various contemporary attitudes toward art and the world must be distinguished and defined. Amidst the confusion and hypercomplexity involved in this task, the simple questions How, What, and Why asked about the works, and the consideration of the relative places of these questions in the minds of the artists, will be useful.

I. The "How," which refers to technique and composition, is fundamentally important.

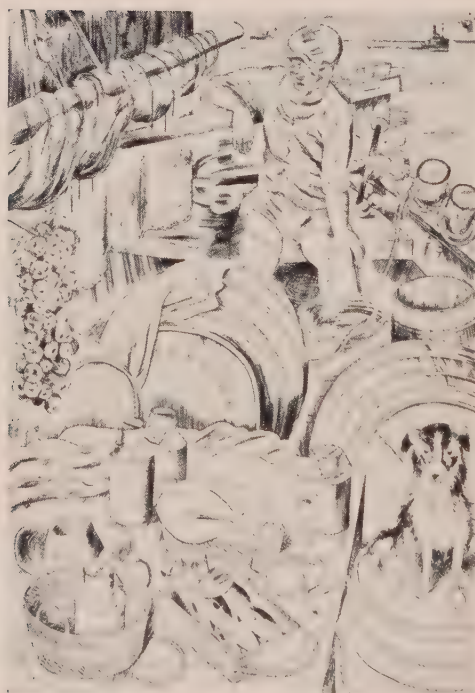
Without knowing "how" one is not an artist—a certain minimum of technique must be at hand before any other questions can be approached.

Artists may, however, become so interested in this "how" of their works—how they are constructed, and how composed—that the "how" is also the "why" of their art, and is its sole reason for being. In that case the "what" of art—the subject matter—is also swallowed up by the "how." Abstract artists like Stuart Davis, Survage, and others in this exhibition are among those to whom the "how" of art is everything. They have not begun to reconsider the "why" of art since the impressionists started painting their answer in the sixties.

II. Distinguished from this group is another group of men who are interested in the "What" of their art as a distinct factor: the choice of subject. The artist, like Chapin or Curry, may choose a subject in nature for the compositional ideas it can give him; or, like Marsh, for what it means; or, like Peggy Bacon, for a satire on human nature; or, like Hugo Gellert (not represented in the show), he may choose things which illustrate the ideas of Karl



MILLARD SHEETS: FAMILY FLATS



CYRIL BOUDA: STILL LIFE ON THE BOAT

Marx's *Kapital*. All of these are interested in the "what" of art. We must resort to the question "why" to uncover a really essential difference between them.

III. The "Why" of art—the underlying purpose, the reason why the lithographer takes his crayon in hand—distinguishes between the pure esthete and the artist who believes he has some broader social function. The difference is this: one chooses and arranges his subject because he can spin an interesting composition around it—because it is picturesque, or visually unusual or stimulating. The other chooses his subject because in presenting it he can convey some message other than a purely esthetic, visual one.

Art in the service of ideas—the traditional rôle of the graphic arts—need not be communistic or even propagandistic. It is well represented in the bourgeois *New Yorker* as well as in the proletarian *New Masses*. Democrats, Republicans, Socialists, Fascists, and neutrals have used it, and are likely to continue the practice for many a long year to come.

For the sake of further clarity, a distinc-

M. C. ESCHER:
NONZA, CORSICA

THIRD-PRIZE
LITHOGRAPH



tion may be noted between art in the service of the artist's individual ideas and emotions, and art in the service of programmatic ideas of a party, a system, or a religion. The latter is the true propagandistic art, like that of Gellert and many others including Art Young, who was tried for sedition in 1918 because of lithographic propaganda against the war. The former includes the satirists like Peggy Bacon and Steig and Gropper (not represented).

With regard to their purposes, then, we have these three main groups of artists in America today: the ones who, like the abstractionists, are interested only in the "how" of art; the ones who have returned to subject matter—the "what"—and are thus coördinating two variables as against the one of the first group; and lastly, those who in their manipulation of technique and choice of subject matter show that they are finally challenging the seventy-year-old theory initiated by the impressionists as to the purpose of art.

Both the first groups are represented in Chicago, but of the third, only those borderline works in which the meaning may be disregarded or pushed into the background are included. And all traces of art with a programmatic significance of any shade are absent.

In the eighteen-sixties, the impressionists were battling valiantly toward a new technique in art. More important, they were revolutionizing the purpose and social significance of art; and it was the change in purpose that was resisted most fervently and stubbornly.

Today, the axiom "art for art's sake" has been accepted for so long, and the irresponsibility of the artist has been so thoroughly acknowledged, that changes in technique cause little comment. It is the change in the purpose of art, and the consequent change in the social function of the artist, that may be expected to call forth the most lyrical and the most desperate opposition.

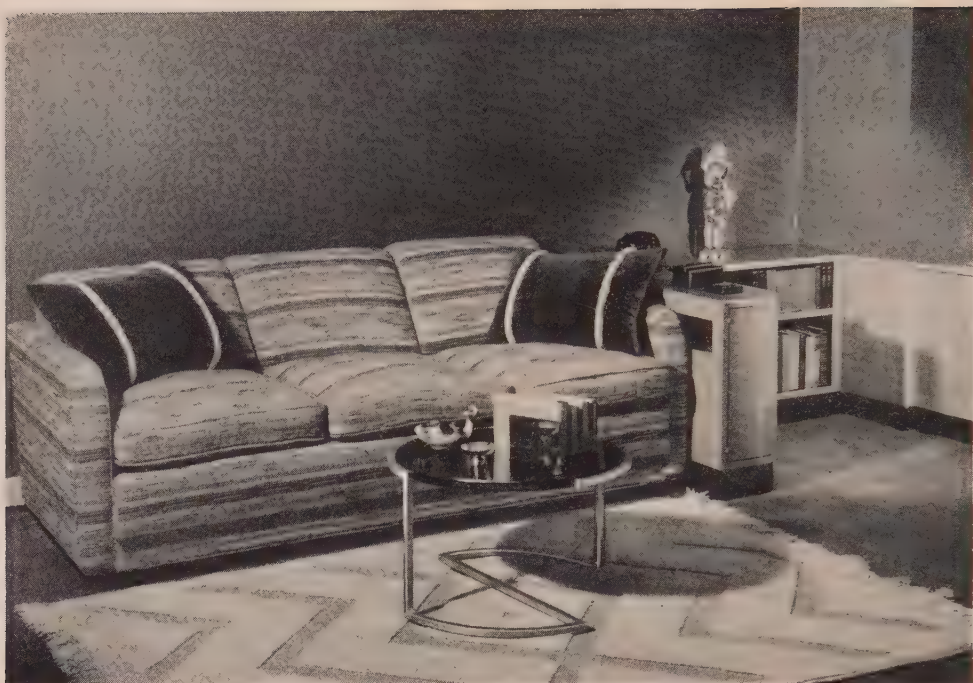


Photo by Hedrich-Blessing

A modern sofa by Donald Deskey admirably fulfills the function of comfort and pleases the eye with the fresh fabrics it employs.

ART AND INDUSTRY

By PHILIP N. YOUTZ

WHEN historians come to record the cultural development of our own twentieth century, one of the accomplishments which I firmly believe they will credit to us is the union of art and industry.

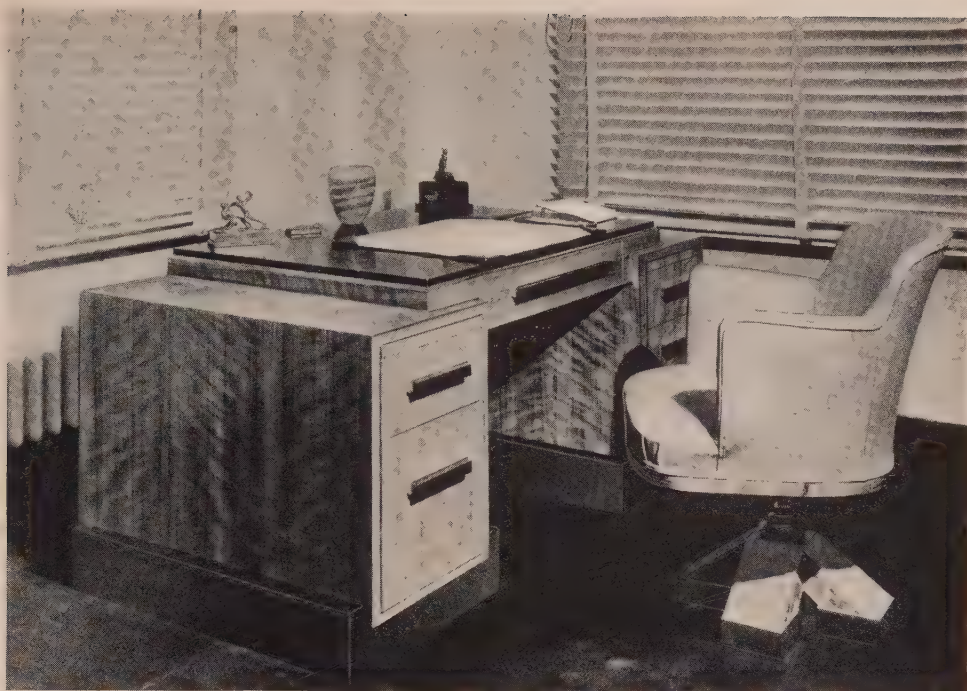
Modern art has many critics. Most of the gray-haired group of connoisseurs feel that its principles are mistaken and its forms are bizarre. However this may be, modernism as an art movement has one definite aim, and that aim is to develop design in accord with the practical requirements of industry. The principle of the new art is best summed up in the word "functionalism." By this term is meant an attempt to relate artistic design to modern materials, current social needs, and present-day industrial processes.

The old idea of "art for art's sake," modern artists regard as an absurdity. They think of fine art as a virtuous but unproductive spinster withdrawn from life. They prefer a type of art that soils its hands, if you like,

a type of creative design which is devoted to improving the appearance of automobiles, chairs, costumes, and practical buildings.

To understand why it is so essential that there be a contemporary reconciliation between art and industry, we must look back a few generations to the Victorian period, from which many of us have sprung and to which all of us owe much of our inheritance. The smoking factory chimney and the roaring steam engine thrust themselves on the peaceful English landscape early in the nineteenth century. Up to that time man-power, animal-power, wind-power, and water-power had turned the few cumbersome wooden machines which existed. Steam suddenly supplied a new source of power and stimulated the development of a complex series of machines. The industrial revolution took place, destroying all of the cherished folk-ways of the handicraft system.

Skilled workers, descended from genera-



Donald Deskey designed this office desk for the modern executive. The essence of the design is the three rectangular solids formed by the two sides and the top.

tions of craftsmen, found themselves out of jobs, and their skill set at naught by new mechanical processes. The guilds and the craftsmen of the old order were ruined and the industrialists made fortunes. There were no labor laws and the factory workers—men, women, and children—were exploited by these greedy pioneer manufacturers.

Artistic England, looking on this debacle, sought refuge in art. This resulted in a new appreciation of Gothic and other earlier forms of art, and a revival of many of the handicrafts under the leadership of such men as Ruskin, Morris, and Eastlake. When we come to analyze these revivals we see plainly that they were in the nature of what the psychologists call “retreats.” Men who shuddered at the ugliness and destruction of the machine turned to the art of a simpler and earlier day as a consolation and retreat from the unsatisfactory industrial surroundings of their own time. While this backward movement in art developed a new appreciation for Gothic achievement, it did little or nothing to improve nineteenth-century art. It was tacitly assumed that nothing could be done to improve the products of machine, and that

art was exclusively a handicraft product.

Artists began to seek the cloistered seclusion of their own studios, and we have the beginning of an esoteric type of art which had little or no connection with the thoughts and industrial movements of the day. Such a group of artists as the Pre-Raphaelites—Rossetti, Alma-Tadema, Holman Hunt, Burne-Jones—produced a decorative but decadent art out of the delicate fabric of history. Their work could never stand the full light of day. They delighted in drawing knights and wistful ladies, but would have been repelled by the figures of the strong but grimy men toiling in factories.

The result of the Victorian retreat from the contemporary industrial scene to studio art, and to the revival of ancient handicrafts was to make art an aristocratic affair and to make it almost exclusively the possession of a cultured few. Patrons of art have always been men of great means, so that there was already the tendency for artists to cater to the leisure classes. The artistic retreat of the period combined with the patronage system sufficed to make fine art something apart and above the experience of the contemporary

man. Art lost its strength and vitality when its feet no longer rested on the soil of everyday life.

We inherited this unfortunate division between the products of industry and the products of art, at the beginning of our own twentieth century. As our machines became more and more efficient, we began to ask ourselves why their products could not be designed more attractively. Why did these products need to come into existence without benefit of art simply because they had been manufactured by machine?

During the first two decades of the twentieth century, heroic attempts were made to redesign machine production according to the canons of traditional art. What we were trying to do was to make machine productions beautiful. We did not realize that there are as many beauties as there are periods in art and that in attempting to reshape the uncouth productions of the machine in the image of beauty, we had taken the Victorian version of this ideal. Naturally we found the task of redesigning the machine product according to the Victorian conception of beauty a disillusioning and a futile undertaking. In spite of our most conscientious efforts all that we could do was to disguise machines and their productions without daring to express their own vigorous but barbarian form.

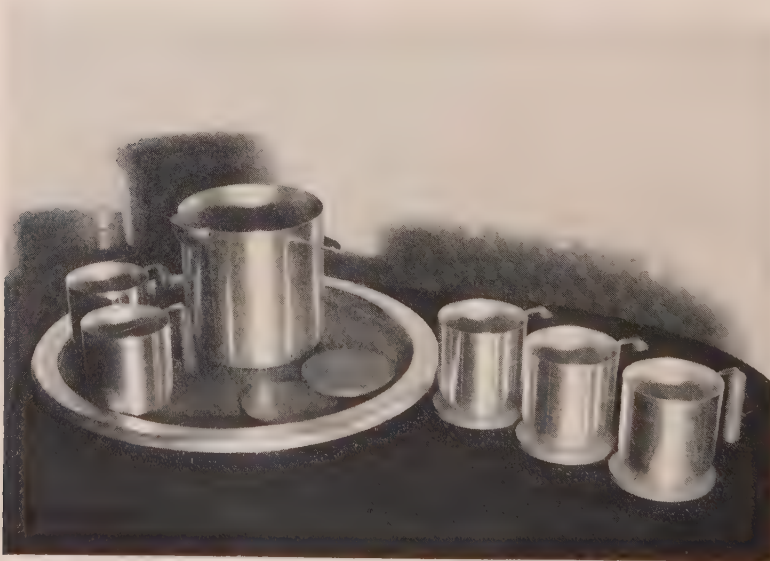
This was the period when we built sky-

scrapers of steel and hid them under terra cotta mantles of Gothic ornament, as for example the Woolworth building, which was once hailed as a forerunner of the new art. The first skyscraper, the old Flatiron building, was almost suffocated by a mantle of baroque ornament. Our steel public buildings were shrouded with classic columns. Even our great railroad terminals such as the Pennsylvania Station in New York were disguised as Roman baths.

Our painters flocked to Europe and learned the current vernacular of the foreign artists. We preferred painters with a heavy foreign accent and we squandered our fabulous riches, produced by industry, on old masters. We suffered under the delusion that we could purchase the art of past centuries and use it as a substitute for an art of our own day.

In our houses we began copying the architecture of our great-great-grandparents. Urged on by magazine campaigns the country was soon covered with reproductions of early American and Georgian houses, all done in the latest manner, with bathrooms adjoining every chamber. In furniture we learned to mimic the patterns of Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Duncan Phyfe. Grand Rapids furniture experts proclaimed these reproductions as authentic art, not realizing that all they were doing was attempting to reproduce the original art of another period.

Spun aluminum with cork handles is the newest Russell Wright equivalent of the beer stein of former days.





Russel Wright designs a glass house for the up-to-date goldfish.

Along about 1918, as we returned, sobered by the episode of the Great War, we began to ask ourselves why it was that all the great art belonged to the past or to the studio, whereas our contemporary life was conditioned by the productions of the machine. We began to seek earnestly a way of bringing art and industry together once more. On a few artists a great truth began to dawn. They discovered that quite unconsciously, without artistic pretense, industrial designers were creating a new type of mechanical beauty. We began to hear such odd-sounding phrases as "the rhythm of the machine age" and "the balanced beauty of reciprocating parts," and to discover the smooth sheen of new metals, such as aluminum and chromium.

In 1925, at the great exposition of decorative arts in Paris, all of these new and strange types of design were brought together and shown for the first time. There were tables of glass, chairs of metal, and buildings of steel. The public rubbed its eyes and became aware of the birth of the *art moderne*. The first burst of criticism was mostly hostile, because here was a new kind of beauty, such as had never been seen before in the long history of culture. According to Victorian standards, or Renaissance, Gothic, Romanesque, or classic theories, this was an ugly and utilitarian art. But to the exponents of a new functionalism it represented an art that was for the first time integrated with industry.

Time was needed to develop a taste for this new functional beauty. At first this art seemed all cubes and rectangles. Its ugly-

larity was repellent. But it did have one quality which was extremely attractive. There was a serenity and an orderliness about its simplicity which contrasted very favorably with the feverish design of our Victorian past. Here there was real repose in place of crowded ornamentation and restless lines. Another quality was its freshness. This new kind of beauty was no mere echo of older types; here was an art born of our own age, as new and unexplored as our own times.

These two qualities began to make friends for the new style, and it spread very rapidly in Europe, especially in Germany, Denmark, and Sweden. American designers were too steeped in their copybooks of Colonial architecture and furniture and European painting to be willing to discard their hard-won knowledge for a new kind of art which required not knowledge of books and prototypes but, which is infinitely rarer, taste and imagination and creative ability.

A few daring shops offered the new "modernistic" art for sale, but they had the misfortune in most cases to pick the very worst examples and their patrons had the taste or the conservatism not to purchase. The introduction of the new movement was extremely slow in industrial America, where the union of art and industry was most to be desired, whereas in handicraft Europe, where art and industry had always been more closely associated, the movement was welcome.

It is interesting to look back at the great Columbian Exposition of 1893 and compare its plaster-white classicism with the modern

forms of the Century of Progress Exposition. The two expositions are milestones which show how far our own twentieth century has progressed. We have emerged from the stale good taste of Victorianism to the creative and functional art of today. We have been brought to realize that we, like every other generation, must create our own art if we are to exist in surroundings of beauty. It has at last dawned on us that beauty represents a new goal for each succeeding age, and that the beauty of the twentieth century will be a form molded by the machine, and therefore unlike the ideal of any other age.

"But would you want to live with these new forms?" someone with good classic taste is sure to ask. They will probably add that the furniture of Chippendale is so much finer in design than anything that can be bought today in modern furniture. This is a very legitimate line of argument. We shall have to answer in two ways. First, that we live, or should live, a very different kind of life in the twentieth century than we would in the latter part of the eighteenth. It is just as absurd to use chairs and other house furnishings of the eighteenth century as it would

be for us to ride in stage-coaches. However beautiful the heirlooms of a former day may be, they served a past manner of living far better than they do our own.

The second answer is one that I think people often forget. It might be called artistic obligation. The forms of the eighteenth century have already been perfected and served their day well. Our obligation is to share in the design of the twentieth-century forms. We can only hope to participate in the art movements of our day by exercising our own artistic judgment. If we cannot actually design furniture ourselves we can at least select and purchase the best that the artist produces, supplying him with a discriminating and sympathetic public, without which no great artistic achievement is ever attained.

Let us frankly grant that the new forms have not yet been perfected. In many ways they are still in a rather crude, experimental stage. But if we wait for perfection, perfection will never arrive. Our artistic privilege is to take part in the creative efforts of our own age and thus to become shareholders in the task of producing a twentieth-century art as fine as that accomplished by any other age.

Photo by Steiner and Nyholm



Howe and Lescaze planned the balconies of the two mezzanine floors in the main banking room of the Philadelphia Saving Fund Society so as to be an integral part of the design. Applied ornament is conspicuously absent. The materials and forms of the balcony itself constitute the design.



Photo by Steiner and Nyholm

When the man on the street looks up to this skyscraper bank, designed by Howe and Lescaze for the Philadelphia Saving Fund Society, he sees clean geometric surfaces, not the meaningless applied ornament dear to the beaux-arts tradition.

WILLIAM MORRIS, 1834-1896

By CHARLES HARRIS WHITAKER

IT is said that the maid at the Faulkners' once mistook William Morris for the butcher. Other chroniclers and biographers have mentioned that he looked like a sailor, a workman, or a prophet. As a matter of fact, one can no more put a finger on a single outstanding characteristic of Morris the man, than one can pick out a piece of his work and say that it is that state of perfection so often mistakenly referred to as a "masterpiece"—the work that at last entitled the journeyman to be called master. His nature was so fecund and abundant that one now looks back over the forty years since his death, to see him as a child forever wandering in the garden of the Past and forever bringing to an idealized spirit mother, as objects of his brimming affection, the endless heaping handfuls of the stuff of visions and dreams, out of fancies and ideas that had been worked out by craftsmen, or that he proposed to work out for himself.

This wandering began with boyhood. By the time he went to Oxford, bent upon taking holy orders, he had acquired that intimate love of nature that is reflected in every work to which he set his hand. Likewise he had accepted Ruskin as the apostle of the good life, although that was not the prime reason why he turned, first to Street, an architect identified with the Gothic revival, and to whom he was articled, and then to Burne-Jones and Rossetti, whose work decided him to become a painter. These, and all the other craft experiments of his later life, were merely islands, so to speak, at which he touched on the voyage to the far lands of the Middle Ages. In mediaeval days he saw the heyday of craftsmanship, the everlasting challenge and play of hand and tool and material. He saw these things far less in an aesthetic sense than he saw them as the sources of those delights and satisfactions that enrich and ennoble life, that teach men honor and integrity, and the respect for tools and materials. To Morris these were the human experiences that led to that inner dignity of soul, without which no life could come to a complete fruition.

Not that he was interested in meticulous perfections and refinements. What he loved was workmanship. What he hated was sham. What he despised was the manner in which men abused and mutilated their natural surroundings in order to gain a penny by their vandalism. What he could not understand, as could not Ruskin, was the pecuniary system that was pervading and enmeshing all work and all men. To him there was only the honest making of all things, and although he lived through the years of the rise of British industrialism and saw his own land scarred, bedraggled, and begrimed, he could not penetrate the processes of the fiction called money and their ineluctable debasement of man. His land was dear. His England was beloved, not because of any notions of patriotism, but because he saw, in its leas and lanes and gardens, its chimney-pots and spires, its copses and plantations, its winding streams and their lush banks, that exquisite merging of the handiwork of man with the serene and tireless procession of nature's organic rhythm. Man and the land had here known and understood each other, lived together, and left that patina of pastoral serenity that has tugged at the heartstrings of every dreamer who has visioned such a world as Morris at last pictured in *News from Nowhere*.

That book was merely the beginning of the period when he had discovered that the garden in which he had roamed and plucked and dreamed could not be transplanted without a heroic struggle. The spirit of craftsmanship he had battled so hard to reanimate was plainly, he saw, being suffocated. One had to be a man before one was a craftsman. One had to earn enough to live, and most of all, one had to keep one's self-respect. The first reward of all labor should be a decent home and yet the slums of England grew daily more disgraceful. It was then that Morris became what was called a socialist, and with characteristic energy he threw himself into the fight with injustice.

But if his labors in that fight sprang from his convictions that the society in which he

lived had decayed dangerously, they were also deeply touched with the undying fire of his love for workmanship. If the world was to be righted, it must have a new goal, a new ideal, a constantly deepening sense of life in its completely satisfying fullness. "I hold firmly to the opinion," he wrote in a letter to the *Daily Chronicle*, in 1893, "that all worthy schools of art must be in the future, as they have been in the past, the outcome of the aspirations of the people toward the beauty and the pleasure of life. And, further, now that democracy is building up a new order, which is slowly emerging from the confusion of the commercial period, these aspirations of the people toward beauty can only be born from a condition of practical equality of economical condition amongst the whole population. Lastly, I am so confident that this equality will be gained that I am prepared to accept, as a consequence of the processes of that gain, the apparent disappearance of what art is now left us, because I am sure that that will be but a temporary loss, to be followed by a genuine new birth of art which will be the spontaneous expression of the pleasure of life innate in the whole people. This, I say, is the art which I look forward to, not as a vague dream, but as a practical certainty, founded on the general well-being of the people. It is true that the blossom of it I shall not see; therefore I may be excused if, in common with other artists, I try to express myself through the art of today, which seems to us to be only a survival of the organic art of the past, in which the people shared, whatever the other drawbacks of their condition might have been. . . . But, again, this change for the better can only be realized by the efforts of the workers themselves. 'By us and not for us,' must be their motto . . . and when life is easier and fuller of pleasure, people will have time to look around them and find out what they desire in the matter of art, and will also have time to compass their desires."

If Morris came to great unhappiness because of the signs of decay, the full menace of which he did not realize, so great was his faith, it can surely be said that few men have ever known a fuller life. Nor have there been many with so happy an understanding, sympathy, and that spirit of comradeship that kept

him forever a worker at heart. Indeed, work was so natural to him, and so easy, that it filled his life to running over. The moment he was in tune with his idea, the thing flowed from him like a flood. Sometimes it would engulf him in a labor so exhausting as to seem beyond endurance, but he both had and heeded that unfailing instinct that told him when to stop. The moment he tired of doing a particular thing, he knew that the time had come for a change of occupation. Either he had been mistaken in his concept, or had sapped his fancy, or needed to reassemble the ideas with which he had begun. Whichever the case, he stopped and took to something else. The sight of the moving platform where machines pass by the workman who merely adds the same part endlessly would have driven Morris to distraction. The degradation of labor in his day was as much as he could bear. What he coveted for men, and what he believed to be the key to a healthy and happy existence, was the all-roundedness that a man acquires by learning to make a complete thing.

It is now clear how right and how wrong was Morris when he wrote that letter from which I have quoted. The democratic process was not working itself out of what he called the commercial period, and the practical economic equality in which he believed, which was to become the corner-stone of a new world, was not so near as he thought, if we accept, as a prophecy, the date on the tablet in the Guest-house of Nowhere—May, 1962. That there could be no peace on earth to men of good will, until there be a practical economic equality, he saw as clearly as it is now being dimly suspected by the few who dare to face the problems that lie ahead. But life was not a mere economic problem to Morris, and in that respect he differs entirely from the experts and theorists who do their calculations with sums and figures.

Morris saw life as he saw craftsmanship, in terms of honor, justice, and a rhythmic merging with the natural organic processes. He saw it in terms of happy and healthy work. He saw art as a natural outcome of the useful labor of life. He saw the instinct of workmanship as the supreme gift to man. He saw the vocations, from the homeliest to the most difficult, as equal contributors. He saw art, and

work, and craftsmanship, as inherent in the doing of a thing for a particular purpose. Whatever he made or inspired, the purpose and the place where the thing was to go were the dominating factors. Everything was to be so. Nothing was to be made *en masse* and shoveled out at a competitive money price. Morris divined the knowledge that there lay no peace or happiness at the end of that road.

It is now plain that the test that Morris faced, much more starkly outlined than it was in his day, is now squarely before us. We see that the pecuniary processes let loose by mass production and standardization are veritable Frankensteins—the terrible fictions by which men have built up the illusion of money as a measure of the real worth of anything and everything—to man.

Morris, without penetrating the process, saw the answer as clearly as the great seers have always seen it, but even as he fought tirelessly for economic justice, so worked he tirelessly for the sheer love of work. Over and over again he had declared that work should be lovely and satisfying. Never has a man more sincerely lived his faith than did he. He saw the garden of his dreams grow slowly toward decay, yet there was never a moment in which he could not plunge into it and find a new source of inspiration, a new challenge to his indomitable spirit, a new hope for the pleasant world that seemed to him to be so easily possible.

Up to the last he remained a veritable child, and though he was at times perverse, irritable, and even angry, these lapses were no more than the spontaneous reactions of a child who saw what the world might be and who could not bear to see how blind were those who saw no further than buying for a penny and selling for five farthings.

To estimate the influence of Morris is to undertake a long exploration. He was not what would be called a modernist, nor very keen about the dogmas of style, as adapted to the fleeting vagaries of mass-production. He believed that work and play were the chief purpose, and as he liked the mediaeval forms and

patterns best, it was back to them that he turned, never departing from their historical content. Among his later followers were the young English architects of the 'nineties, but they, too, went back to the historical forms of their own indigenous building, and although they managed to break down the then hoary tradition that a house was a measure of respectability, made to be looked at rather than to be lived in, there was nothing organic in the picturesque cottages to which they gave so great an impetus.

They were inspired, as were the followers of Van der Velde's "Jugendstil" movement in Germany, and the disciples of "art nouveau" in France, by Morris's passion for truth in workmanship. But, unlike the English architects, the artists in France and Germany had dedicated themselves, on their sacred honor, to the creation of an impersonal style that would express the new mechanistic age. They shared Morris' faith in workmanship, but they were in rebellion against his worship of the historical styles and forms. Morris's rebellion was not over styles, but over the debasement of men by machinery. He believed that the machine had to be overthrown, and he may have been more right than we as yet suspect. It may have been that he saw, with vision, that even though man bring the machine to such perfection that he will no longer need to labor in order to eat, his instincts will tell him that his peace and his happiness are bound up in the rhythm of the cosmos rather than in that of the machine. Thus he will again set to work with his hands, leaving the machine, as a mass monster, to pass into oblivion.

Perhaps it was so that Morris, either as poet or as socialist, refused to be drawn into the *melée* of the economic dogmatists. He saw economic equality as the only possible condition for either art or life, and he no doubt understood that economic equality is the one equality with which man can have any concern, for every other form of it is in the lap of the gods. To the end, William Morris kept the heart of a child, and it still may be that only so shall man enter a certain kingdom.

CARL MILLES:
ORPHEUS

A Detail of the Central Figure of the Fountain soon to be installed in Stockholm.



MILLES' ORPHEUS FOUNTAIN

By FLORENCE DAVIES

WHEN Carl Milles, internationally known Swedish sculptor, came to America three years ago, he brought with him a commission for a great fountain to stand in the square in front of the Concert Hall in Stockholm; in his mind was a vision of what the fountain was to be.

The fountain, which depicts the story of Orpheus, is now completed. It was made in the studio built for him by The Cranbrook Academy of Art in Bloomfield Hills, in the environs of Detroit. Here Mr. Milles has served for the past three years as the Academy's resident sculptor.

Aside from this Mr. Milles has completed a second fountain, two monumental figures, some lesser projects, and a sketch for a fountain to be erected in the City of London as a memorial to Anna Pavlova. Two of his completed projects, the great Orpheus Fountain for Stockholm, and a monumental figure of an Indian designed for the City of St. Paul to stand in memory of the soldiers who fell in the great war, were recently in Mr. Milles' studio in the plaster. A third, the Fountain of Jonah and the Whale, commands a broad vista of rolling country on an elevated ridge at Cranbrook. Still a fourth, the large figure



CARL MILLES: LISTENING SHADE

A Detail of One of the Surrounding
Figures for the Orpheus Fountain.

of an automotive worker,* stands in the entrance hall to the General Motors Building at the World's Fair in Chicago.

Perhaps no better opportunity to evaluate his work will ever arise during the lifetime of Milles than now exists since, by a fortunate chance, two of his important projects, diametrically opposed in treatment and feeling, are in such close juxtaposition as to offer a basis for comparison, while still a third, representing another mood, is installed only a few rods away.

The Orpheus Fountain and the monumental Indian, then in Mr. Milles' studio, are peculiarly significant. In sharp contrast, one to the other, they reveal the scope, the versatility, the power, and the poetry of Milles the sculptor. In the first place they reveal the fact that he has an essential feeling for the monumental, a strongly developed architectural sense, and an acquaintance with the capacity of sunlight to be both friend and foe to the sculptor. And in the second place, they reveal Milles as a master of materials. Both the Orpheus Fountain, with its group of nine figures about a

central basin, and the great pillar-like Indian, are well-nigh perfect examples of a complete harmony between theme, treatment, and material.

The fountain is dedicated to music, and hence is being executed in polished bronze, a free and flowing medium that lends itself to figures which may be lyrical and lightly poised in air. The Indian, on the other hand, to be carved from white onyx against a background of black marble, has been treated with solidity and compact weight of form so that it complies with Michelangelo's rule for works in stone, in that it could be rolled down hill without breaking.

The Indian, smoking his pipe of peace, is static, profound, massive; a frankly simplified treatment of the human form, primarily monumental and decorative. Here, in a memorial to men who died in strife, is no sense of strife—only a strength and repose and an all-pervading quietness, which is born of a knowledge of power, and which may be best expressed in stone—a material that is static rather than fluidly molten.

But at the other end of the great studio we



CARL MILLES: LISTENING SHADE

A Detail of One of the Surrounding
Figures for the Orpheus Fountain.

* Illustrated in our June, 1933, issue. Page 307.

discover a different world, the realm of music. Here are movement, grace, and the fleeting quality of song. Instead of the carefully considered planes of the solid marble, we here see the tenuous, flowing quality of bronze. Bodies are lightly poised; hands and arms are free; delicate fingers articulate.

The grinning, three-headed beast, Cerberus, with sleepy, half-closed eyes, stands in the center of the basin which is finally to be cast in bronze on a granite base. Poised on the rim of the basin are eight shades who have been called forth from Hades by the sweet strains of music that have been wafted down from the lyre of Orpheus himself who surmounts the beast as the central figure of the group.

Not only is a lyrical quality conveyed in the flowing, rhythmical lines of the figures, but the composition as a whole has, as well, a certain architectonic quality in the fine counterpoint between the sharply angular lines of the basin seen against the upward-rising graceful bodies, in the arresting use of the pause in the open spaces between the figures, and the great horizontal mass of the basin that supports the aria of the ascending figures like a strong chord.

The deep rim of the basin flares slightly outward, and this gently slanting line is carried up through the lightly poised figures into the powerful legs of Orpheus, where it is continued on up through the strong, twisted torso, over the mighty shoulders to the upraised arms. Grouped about Orpheus, though below him, the shades stand in attitudes of arrested movement, as if listening, their postures and expressions conveying enchantment at flowers seen again, bird songs recaptured, amazement, trembling awareness of the light, and fear lest the vision may not last.

Looking down upon them all, searching for the face of his loved one, Orpheus is portrayed with such concentrated power and feeling that it marks Milles as a master of characterization as well as of beauty of form. He loses none of the rugged strength and intense portraiture of Epstein who thinks in terms of clay, and to whom bronze is apparently a dead material; nor does he miss the fluent line and polished surface of Nadelman or our own Manship, to whom line and surface are paramount, and concentrated feeling and characterization more or less secondary.

In his third major performance completed in Cranbrook—the Jonah fountain—Milles has proved his capacity for humor.* He gives us the stubby, fat-bellied form of a very much astonished Jonah being spewed ingloriously from the mouth of a monstrous whale, arms outstretched, legs sprawling, eyes bulging with mingled fright, amazement, and relief.

Thus Milles runs the gamut of emotions, now grave now gay, now moved to stillness by the notes of song which drop from the lyre of Orpheus crystal clear, now startled at the rude miracle of Jonah, now waiting steadfastly for the peace which must some day end all strife.

Mastery of form, intensity of characterization and feeling, beauty of surface, and a capacity to think intensely in terms of the material that yields to his hand are all found in the work of Carl Milles, who combines in his mixture of Swedish and French blood the rugged strength of the north with the warmth and softness of the south.

* See his *Bishop Johannes Rudbeckius* illustrated in our number for May, 1932. Page 352. Also other works by Milles.

CARL MILLES:
LISTENING
SHADE



Detail of a Figure
for the Orpheus
Fountain.

FIELD NOTES

ART AT SARAH LAWRENCE COLLEGE

SEVERAL new appointments have been made for the year 1934-35 to the art faculty of Sarah Lawrence College, according to an announcement received from the office of President Constance Warren. The History and Appreciation of Art will be taught by René d'Harnoncourt. Mr. d'Harnoncourt was educated at the Universities of Graz and Vienna, and was a student of painting and lecturer on art in Vienna. He has traveled and painted extensively in Mexico, has published articles on Mexican art, and has organized exhibitions of that art in Mexico and the United States. He is at present Assistant to the President of The American Federation of Arts and art adviser to the Carnegie Corporation of New York. For the past three years he has served on the faculty of the Seminar in Mexico, organized every summer by the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America. Mr. d'Harnoncourt is an Advisory Editor of the AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART.

The work in sculpture will be under the direction of Oronzio Maldarelli, who studied at the school of the National Academy of Design and at the Beaux-Arts Institute of Design, was a Guggenheim Fellow in Europe from 1931 to 1933, and taught sculpture at the Architectural School of Columbia University during the past year.

The work in painting is to be in charge of Bradley Walker Tomlin and Kurt Roesch. The former studied at the Louis Comfort Tiffany Foundation and for two years in Paris; he was in charge of the course during the past year in the absence of Mr. Mangravite. Mr. Roesch was a pupil of Karl Hofer at the Academy in Berlin, and has taught at the Akademie für Bildende Kunst there. In 1931 he won the prize of the Deutscher Künstlerbund, and the next year the Medal of the Akademie der Kunst.

ART DEALERS' MEDAL HONORS FOUR

THE American Art Dealers' Association honored four men for their outstanding contributions in the field of art late in the spring by presenting them with the Association's Gold Medal. Those whose labors have been recognized were Dr. Robert B. Harshe,

painter, etcher, and Director of the Art Institute of Chicago; John Taylor Arms, A.N.A., noted and popular etcher, President of the Society of American Etchers; Childe Hassam, N.A., painter and etcher of distinguished reputation; and Walt Disney, creator of the world's most loved animal, Mickey Mouse, and of Silly Symphonies.

GUEST SHOW AT GRAND CENTRAL

FROM June twentieth through July seventh the Grand Central Art Galleries played host to an exhibition of work done by the group of artists whose work is ordinarily shown at the Downtown Galleries. There were fifty important oils, a large group of water colors, and about twenty-five pieces of sculpture. The show filled the large Sargent gallery and an adjoining room. The following artists were represented:

Peggy Bacon, Alexander Brook, Nicolai Cicovsky, the late Glen Coleman, Stuart Davis, Duncan Ferguson, Ernest Fiene, Anne Goldthwaite, Samuel Halpert, the late "Pop" Hart, Marsden Hartley, Stefan Hirsch, Bernard Karfiol, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Robert Laurent, Reuben Nakian, Joseph Pollet, Katherine Schmidt, Ben Shahn, Charles Sheeler, Niles Spencer, John Storrs, Dorothy Varian, Marguerite Zorach, and William Zorach.

Many of the works shown are recent creations and have never before been publicly exhibited.

JAPANESE PRINTS GIVEN TO RHODE ISLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN

THE Museum of Art of the Rhode Island School of Design announced at the Annual Corporation meeting in June a gift of the first importance. Not only the outstanding gift of the year but even outstanding in the School's history was Mrs. John D. Rockefeller's donation of her superb collection of Japanese prints, specializing in those showing bird, fish, and insect life. Among the six hundred and twenty-three items received were the works of such masters of the medium as Haronobu, Hiroshige, Hokusai, Kanzan, Koriyasai, Kuniyoshi, Shinsai, Toyohiro, Utamaro, and Yoshimaro. Mrs. Rockefeller, a native of Rhode Island, has long had a keen interest in the School, graciously reaffirmed by her recent generosity.

Her gift is of the greatest use to the School,

for it brings to the students an inexhaustible treasure of design, drawing, and observation by great minds of a race particularly gifted in that direction.

Acceding gladly to Mrs. Rockefeller's expressed wish, the Museum is arranging to show this collection in selected groups, frequently changing the material shown. It is planned to devote especially designed galleries to the display of the collection.

MIDWESTERN ART AT DAYTON, OHIO

THE First Annual Exhibition of Midwestern Art which ran for two weeks in June was more or less epoch-making according to Robert B. Sprague, its Director. It marks one of the first successful attempts on the part of a department store and a newspaper to join in sponsoring an exhibition of such wide scope, including as it did artists from Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Kentucky. The paper was the *Dayton Journal* and the store was The Elder & Johnston Company. The exhibition was held in the Hall of Exhibits of the store.

The undertaking had the full support of existing art organizations of the city. "A splendid show," said Siegfried R. Weng, Director of the Dayton Art Institute; "A wonderful show," said Edward Burroughs, Instructor at the Institute; "A very worth-while show," commented E. Paul Wilhelm, instructor at the Institute's school. Mr. Weng had charge of the show's installation. A number of artists of the "Cleveland School" were represented, among them Henry G. Keller and J. J. Greitzer.

MUSEUMS REQUEST MODERN TENDENCY

IN a notice from the California Water Color Society to its members concerning its exhibition during August at the Los Angeles Museum, and giving requirements and specifications, there appeared these sentences: "Our last traveling show was not representative, and we are, therefore, asking you to select from among your best and most modern paintings. The Museums request pictures of modern tendency." After its appearance in Los Angeles the show will be circulated in far western cities by the Western Museum Association.

THE PRESIDENT SAYS

IN a letter to Paul Green, noted playwright from Chapel Hill, North Carolina, President Roosevelt expressed concisely what many another has taken pages to miss. The letter

was written to Mr. Green as Chairman of the Advisory Committee of the National Folk Festival, held recently in St. Louis. It follows: "Dear Mr. Green:

"We in the United States are amazingly rich in the elements from which to weave a culture. We have the best of man's past on which to draw, brought to us by our native folk and folk from all parts of the world.

"In binding these elements into a national fabric of beauty and strength, let us keep the original fibres so intact that the fineness of each will show in the completed handiwork.

"Very sincerely yours,

"(Signed) FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT."

CONE COLLECTION ON SUMMER VIEW AT BALTIMORE

UNTIL the first of October the well-known Cone art collection gathered for the past twenty-five or thirty years by Miss Etta Cone, friend of Gertrude Stein, and Dr. Claribel Cone, noted pathologist, is to be exhibited at the Baltimore Museum through the summer.

The dominant note of the collection is the comprehensive selection of work by Henri Matisse, tracing his development from the Chardin period up to the present. Approximately thirty-five canvases are included in this group. Added to these are a number of works by such artists as Cézanne, Coubine, Courbet, Derain, Kisling, Kroll, Laurencin, Manet, Monet, Marquet, Picasso, Redon, Renoir, Sisley, Stevens, Vallotton, Van Gogh, and Vlaminck.

The collection is further enriched by important pieces of sculpture by Simone Boas, Dalou, Degas, Despiau, Maillol, Matisse, Picasso, Rodin, and Zorach.

KWAN YIN, NELSON GALLERY (See *Frontispiece*)

FROM a small temple near Loyang in the Province of Honan comes the large wooden figure of the goddess Kwan Yin dating from the thirteenth or fourteenth century, a recent acquisition which may now be seen in the Chinese Temple Room at the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and Atkins Museum, Kansas City.

The Chinese goddess, says a statement from the gallery, seated in the characteristic position of royal ease, conforms perfectly with its surroundings in the Ming temple built in 1436, corresponding as it does rather closely with the wall painting of the fourteenth-fifteenth cen-

(Continued on page 452)



DECORATION IN THE CHAPEL OF HORUS
From *The Temple of King Sethos I at Abydos*

NEW BOOKS ON ART

The Temple of King Sethos I at Abydos

(Volume I, The Chapels of Osiris, Isis, and Horus.)
Copied by Amice M. Calverley, with the assistance
of Myrtle F. Broome and edited by Alan H.
Gardiner. Joint publication of the Egypt Exploration
Society (Archaeological Survey) and of the
Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago.
Price, \$35.00.

BECAUSE of the superb quality of its bas-reliefs executed in fine limestone, the importance as records and success as decoration of its scenes and inscriptions, and the brilliance of the colors remaining on certain of its walls, the interior of the temple of Sethos I, built at Abydos in the years just preceding and following 1300 B. C., has long been justly famous. Sethos I's temple is the chief goal of every traveler's visit to Abydos—most important of the cities once honoring the god Osiris. If the traveler's time is limited, it is all that he sees; in any event he does not omit it.

Discovered and cleared from sand by Mariette in 1859, the temple is the subject of an extensive older technical literature; yet the contents of its scenes have been thus far imperfectly available to scholars and admirers of Egyptian art. But today new aims govern works on Egyptian buildings and rock-hewn tombs. Now, the emphasis is on accurate and complete recording (instead of a former mere excerpting), and the aims are to preserve, if it may be for all time, knowledge of what still survives of such monuments and to set the user of the publication, whatever his qualifications and purposes, as nearly as possible in the position of one bodily present in the ancient halls. Indeed the second aim is actually sur-

passed, in that the plates of these newer books render all parts of a decoration equally accessible and free from the difficulty of too much or too little light, as is not true of the originals when one is face to face with them.

A three-page Introduction tells briefly of the inception of this publication and the timely aid given by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., through Chicago's Oriental Institute, of the methods used in producing the plates, and of the nature of the scenes and inscriptions in the three chapels covered by Volume I; a final paragraph on the texts lists mistakes which are ancient, but which might without such editorial reassurance be suspected to be faults in the publication. And a key-plan within the Introduction gives the position in the three chapels of what is recorded on each of forty plates. By an odd slip in paragraph three, the chapels of Volume I are said to be the "easternmost" of the seven which in their number constitute a unique feature of this temple. They are instead more nearly the westernmost, if the magnetic north be considered, and the northernmost if the local north, determined by the course of the river, be taken as in the Table of Contents. One is glad to learn in paragraph three that "the chapels of Amen-Re', Re'-Harakhti, Ptah, and King Sethos will follow shortly as Volume II."

Nearly the whole body of material here treated is contained in twenty-three plates, some single-page, others double, which reproduce delicate pencil drawings. Accuracy was secured by tracing over illuminated photographic enlargements and by repeated collating of the texts on the part of experts in the language. In these line-plates, the various wall-



WEST WALL OF THE CHAPEL OF HORUS

From *The Temple of King Sethos I at Abydos*

compositions may be appraised in their entirety, and every hieroglyph may be read with certainty and ease. The record is completed in five plates reproducing by the collotype process retouched photographs which combine the legibility of line drawings with the preservation to the eye of the modeling and actual appearance today of the parts thus rendered. Though greatly reduced in size from the plate twenty-three by eighteen inches, the illustration on page 445 of this journal gives an idea of results obtainable by the new method. Here we see the west wall of the chapel of Horus, simulating in stone a double-leaved door of wood with its carved panels and with its openwork transom to admit air and light. The detail on page 444 gives a lunette situated under the same chapel's barrel-vaulted ceiling and above its eastern entrance; there, at the actual door necessary for mortals, kings and priests entered Horus's sanctuary where much of the cult apparatus pictured on the walls was kept, and where the ritual transcribed in the scenes and inscriptions was performed.

The record plates are supplemented by four monochrome collotypes reproducing untouched photographs and by eight remarkably beautiful colored plates, of which four are of double-page size. Of the photographs, two are general views of two of the chapels; plates thirty-one and thirty-two, however, are close-ups, enabling one to judge the quality and technic of the sculptor's work, the paint having dropped away from these particular surfaces. In the glowing colored plates, made by a special process of color photography, the selection of pigments at the command of the ancient colorist—all from earth and mineral sources—may be seen, the conventions in the use of colors studied, and the final artistic effect of the walls appreciated. Further, I will not omit to mention plates I A and B giving respectively a plan of the entire temple and two sections of its rear parts, bringing the total number of plates to forty-two. The plan is especially welcome, as it is more detailed and accurate than any which has preceded it.

The artist and the art historian interested in ancient painting, the designer in search of motives, the student of early religions, these and many others will be served equally with the Egyptologist, by this truly noble volume. It can be unreservedly recommended to art schools, museums, educational institutions, and all public and private libraries for which adequate illustrations of Egyptian temple decoration at its best are desired. C. L. R. WILLIAMS

Modern Art

The Men, the Movements, the Meaning, by Thomas Craven. New York, Simon & Schuster, Publishers. Price, \$3.75.

IN the concluding chapters of *Men of Art*, Thomas Craven clearly indicated that there was no love lost between him and the leaders of contemporary French art. During the three years that have elapsed, Craven, to judge by this; his new book, has worked himself up into a bloodthirsty lather. He now openly resorts to guerilla warfare. Modernism, he feels, demands critical extermination, and he has appointed himself a committee of one to act as executioner. These, in brief, are his reasons: Paris is the plague center of Bohemianism, and modern art, its lecherous progeny, a hothouse proliferation of unintelligible cubes and cones, the tortured deposit of surrealistic nightmares induced by degenerate appetites. What relation, he asks, have these fabricated aberrations and clever technical jugglings to "the flow of common experience," to the "realities of life" as we know them? His answer—stated or implied on every page of this book, which he asks us to believe is the answer of every decent, right-thinking citizen—is that art of this kind is not art at all. Soaked in the Bohemian tradition of Art for Art's Sake, these studio aesthetes, Craven argues, are incapable of creating anything that has social or human significance. Ergo, the whole modernist movement and all its sister cults can be thrown to the wolves without any loss to mankind.

This, you must admit, is as expeditious a method as any to jettison some fifty years of living art, and make the world safe for the kind of art which Craven is anxious to prescribe for us; for example, the painting of the American-sceners, Benton, Curry, and Marsh. But, luckily, the story of modern art reads very differently from the way Craven prefers to interpret it. His version is an insidious distortion of the facts as we know them. There is little truth to Craven's claim that every artist associated with the School of Paris is a Bohemian playboy, that is to say, immoral and anti-social; that their work, nurtured on the shrunkened udders of tradition and abstruse symbolism rather than on first-hand experiences drawn from what Craven obscurely calls the "real world," is therefore worthless. One need only examine the work of men like the painters Rouault, Léger, the intimists, Vuillard, and Bonnard, the sculptors, Lipschitz and Gargallo, and dozens of others, to know that they

(Continued on page 448)

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New Books on Art

(Continued from page 446)

have drawn their experiences from a very real world. And all of these artists express in one form or another a very vital aspect of the society in which they live. For Craven to lump a man like Rouault with the *Fauves*, as if there were no difference between his art and that of Matisse or of Vlaminck, and to peremptorily dismiss them all with the phrase, "They would go Van Gogh one better; they would go him ten better"—this is either a deliberate attempt to pervert the truth or it is a fault due to pure ignorance.

Nor is there any truth in Craven's assertion that "the whole modernist movement . . . was of Bohemian origin." The painters who founded the Bruecke, or Bridge, Group in Dresden at the beginning of this century were not Bohemians; the Blauer Reiter, or Blue Rider Group in Munich was not Bohemian, certainly the machine-minded Bauhaus Group in Weimar and Dessau was not Bohemian; and what about the Dutch and Russian constructivists? and the futurists who protested that a locomotive is more beautiful than the Nike of Samothrace? You might call Marinetti, the futurist impresario, any number of one-syllable names, but you certainly can't call him a Bohemian; and the dadaists, Mr. Craven, have you forgotten their mockery of Art for Art's Sake, which you regard as the bridal-song of Bohemianism? Though the dadaists may not have created great works of art, much of what they did had social and human meaning, and reflects the spirit of the age. What you do not understand, Mr. Craven, or do not wish to understand, is that painting and sculpture may have social content and still not be art, while other works without any obvious social content may be. Society is made up of all of us and humanity has many faces.

It is true that many mediocre artists have been using cubist tricks to camouflage their own emotional sterility, and that the social-scene revival in America is a healthy turn of events. But to lay down a rigid set of laws about what an artist should paint and how he should paint it, is to set up an artistic dictatorship. Benjamin Kopman never painted a frontiersman or a traffic cop, but he is a fine artist. He couldn't be an Orozco if he tried; and nobody would want him to be. An artist can have "deeply rooted attachments to native subjects," which is one of Craven's prerequisites for "vital creative art," and still paint landscapes instead of cowpunchers. If John Marin, who is as typically American as any living

artist, attempted to paint otherwise than he does, his art would be a worthless lie. I am saying this for Craven's benefit, because he believes that Marin is one of the Cézanne boys, and that his art is un-American in flavor.

It is hard to understand on what critical basis Craven has collected and proportioned the material for his book. More than sixty pages are devoted to the sensational lives and deaths of Van Gogh and Gauguin, and more than fifty pages to his colic diatribe against Bohemianism; Matisse and Picasso are debunked in separate chapters. George Gray Barnard and Epstein are the only sculptors whose works are discussed at length and praised out of all proportion to their true worth, while such formidable figures as Lehmbruck, Barlach, Despiau, Lipschitz, G. H. Wolff, and others are not even mentioned. Among the architects only Frank Lloyd Wright is discussed. No attempt is made to evaluate the contributions of such significant figures as the Belgian painter, Ensor, the Norwegian, Munch, the Swiss-German, Paul Klee—or the many important "isms" which were born during the early pre-war and post-war days. And yet Craven has the audacity to call his book *Modern Art—The Men, the Movements, the Meaning*. More accurately it would be described "Modern Art, a few curiously assorted personalities largely misinterpreted; a very few movements superficially grasped with key movements misunderstood or omitted; and the meaning completely garbled by one man's astigmatic vision."

Merciless and unscrupulous in his hates, Craven has used every weapon to blacken the reputation of those artists he does not understand, or does not wish to understand. All sorts of cheap and irrelevant gossip provide erotic interludes. Rarely is there any structural analysis of a man's work; and when this is attempted, as in the case of Cézanne (whose work he calls "meagre and unfulfilled"), his writing loses its fire and his critical objectiveness is belied by the insobriety of his final judgments. It is regrettable that so erratic and glib a pen, that such untrustworthy eloquence has been let loose in the field of art criticism, which is so badly in need of depersonalized judgments and large-visioned analysis. I doubt if a more superficial, more dogmatic, or more misleading book on modern art has ever been published. E. M. BENSON

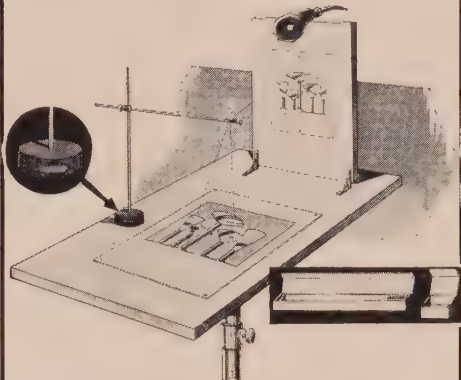
(Although some of the literary critics have praised "Modern Art," most of the art critics have damned it. What do our readers think, how do they feel? Opinions will be welcome.—EDITORS.)

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Summer Shows

The Commonwealth Art Colony, Boothbay Harbor, Maine, has been combined with the A. K. Cross Art School, Boothbay Harbor. Gloucester Society of Artists, Incorporated, Gloucester, Massachusetts. Second Exhibition, August 4 to September 15.

Lyme Art Association, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Annual Oil Exhibition, July 28 to September 4; Second Autumn Exhibition (artist members only), September 15 to October 9.

Mystic Art Association, Incorporated, Mystic, Connecticut. Annual Exhibition, late July to middle of September.

Art Association of Newport, Newport, Rhode Island. Water Color Show, August 18 to September 8 (entries in by August 8). Jury Exhibition. Open to all.

North Shore Arts Association, Gloucester, Massachusetts. Annual Exhibition, June 30 to September 8.

Ogunquit Art Association, Beach Road, Ogunquit, Maine. Annual Exhibition of Oils, Water Colors, Etchings, and Prints, from August 2 to September 10.

Ogunquit Art Center, Ogunquit, Maine. Twelfth Annual Exhibition of Paintings and Etchings, July 1 to September 8. Jury Exhibition, open to all.

Provincetown Art Association, Provincetown, Massachusetts. Twentieth Annual Exhibition, August 5 to September 3.

Silvermine Guild of Artists, Norwalk, Connecticut. (1) Winter's Work from Guild Hall Classes, (2) Oils and Sculpture, (3) Water Colors, (4) Small Paintings, Thumb Box Sketches, etc., (5) Pottery and Craft; from approximately June 1 to September 10.

Woodstock Artists Association, Woodstock, New York. Second Annual Exhibition, Selected by the Directors, July 21 to August 8; Woodstock Art Gallery No Jury Show, August 11 to 29; Summer Review, including painting, sculpture, and graphic arts, September 1 to 15.

* * *

Chicago No-Jury Society of Artists, Inc., 164 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago. Eleventh Annual Exhibition, July 9 to August 9. Paintings, etchings, sculpture. Entries closed. Open to all.

Denver Art Museum, Denver, Colorado. Fortieth Annual Exhibition, Painting, Sculpture, Drawing, Lithography, Etching, Woodblock Prints. Open to all, June 19 to September 1. Entries closed.

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SARASOTA FLORIDA

Field Notes

(Continued from page 443)

turies which adorns one complete temple wall.

Although little is known about the figure, from internal evidence and by comparison with photographs of similar examples at Boston, London, and Paris the date of the sculpture has been placed at the end of the Sung Dynasty or in the early years of the Yüan Dynasty. It is the only similar figure of Kwan Yin from which the original base has not been cut away.

Wood sculpture reached its height in China during the Sung Dynasty. In contrast to the earlier stone sculpture of the Six Dynasties and the T'ang period, the sculpture of the Sung Dynasty was directly influenced by painting. Instead of being tactile, the figures became linear and more graceful. Vigor was sacrificed to an effeminate charm hitherto unknown in

Chinese sculpture. The religious intensity of the earlier Buddhistic figures was replaced with an engaging sense of attractive decoration. Gesso was applied over the wood, and brilliant coloring was added.

This figure, purchased from C. T. Loo, has proved to be one of the most popular of the new accessions at the Nelson Gallery because of its gracious repose and restrained linear rhythm.

FIVE HUNDRED YEARS OF FRENCH PAINTING, SAN FRANCISCO

IN addition to the leading art firms of New York, many of the best-known private collections in the United States, and museums in the East and Midwest, the Louvre loaned eleven of its pictures to the important loan exhibition of French painting held at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco, from June eighth to July eighth.

The nucleus of the two hundred and fifty pictures illustrating the development of French painting from the fifteenth century to the present was, of course, the loan from the Louvre. This is the first time that any such number of paintings has been lent by the Louvre to an American Museum although last October Boucher's "Renaud et Armide" was lent to the Springfield Museum of Fine Arts for its inaugural show. The loans to San Francisco were: "Bearing the Cross," School of Avignon; "Portrait of Henri II, King of France," by François Clouet; "Portrait of the Comte de la Châtre," by Nicolas de Largillière; "Seaport" and "The Martyrdom of Saint Erasmus," by Claude Lorrain; "Vertumnus and Pomona," by François Boucher; "The Benediction," by Jean Baptiste Simeon Chardin; "The Deer Shot from Cover," by Gustave Courbet; "Self-Portrait," by Jacques Louis David; "The Abduction of Rebecca (After Scott's *Ivanhoe*)," by Eugène Delacroix; and "Portrait of Madame Marcotte de Sainte Marie," by Jean Ingres.

"M. René Huyghe, Curator of Paintings at the Louvre," an executive at the California Palace writes us, "who personally accompanied the paintings to San Francisco, declared that our exhibition could stand comparison with the great exhibition of French painting at Burlington House, London, in 1932. . . ."

The catalogue, made possible in its unusually elegant form by the generosity of Mrs. Alma de Bretteville Spreckels, has a twenty-one page Foreword by Dr. Walter Heil, Director of the Museum, seventy or more illustrations, and a very thorough section devoted to the catalogue proper.

WATCH SEPTEMBER!

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FLOWER ARRANGEMENT AS A FINE ART

by Dorothy Meigs Eidlitz

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Watch September!

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